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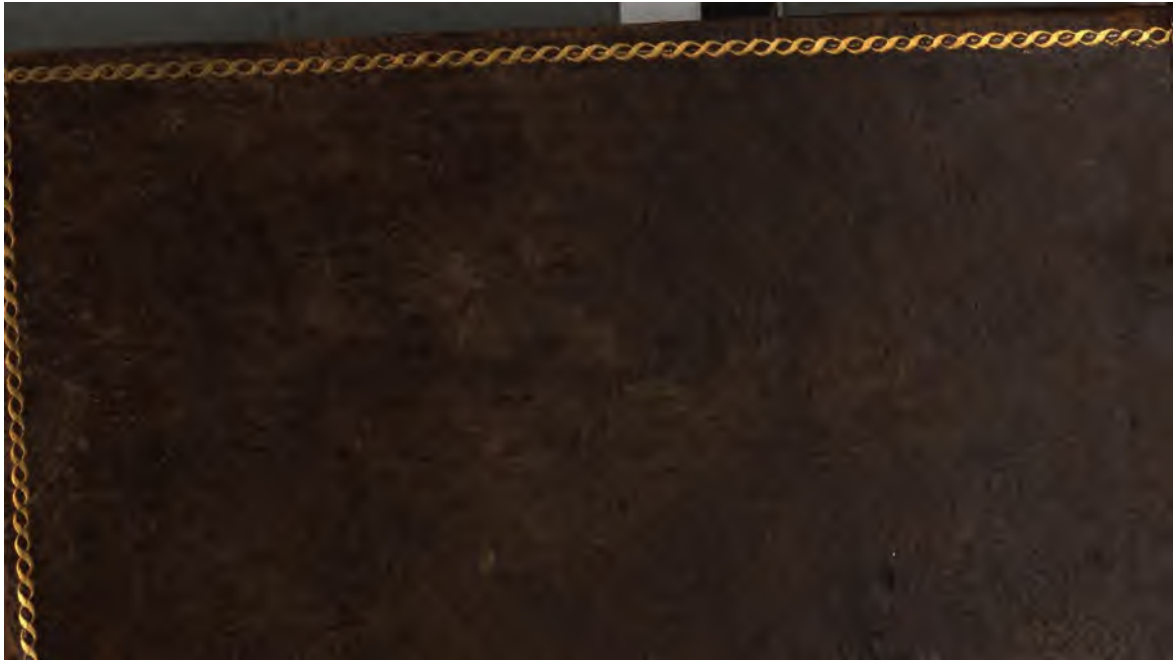

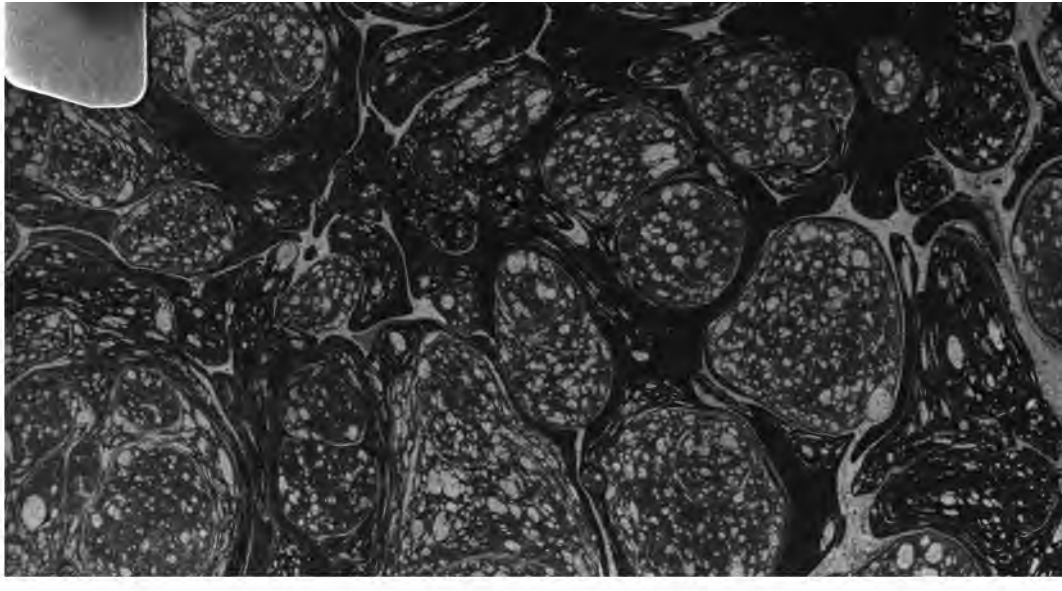

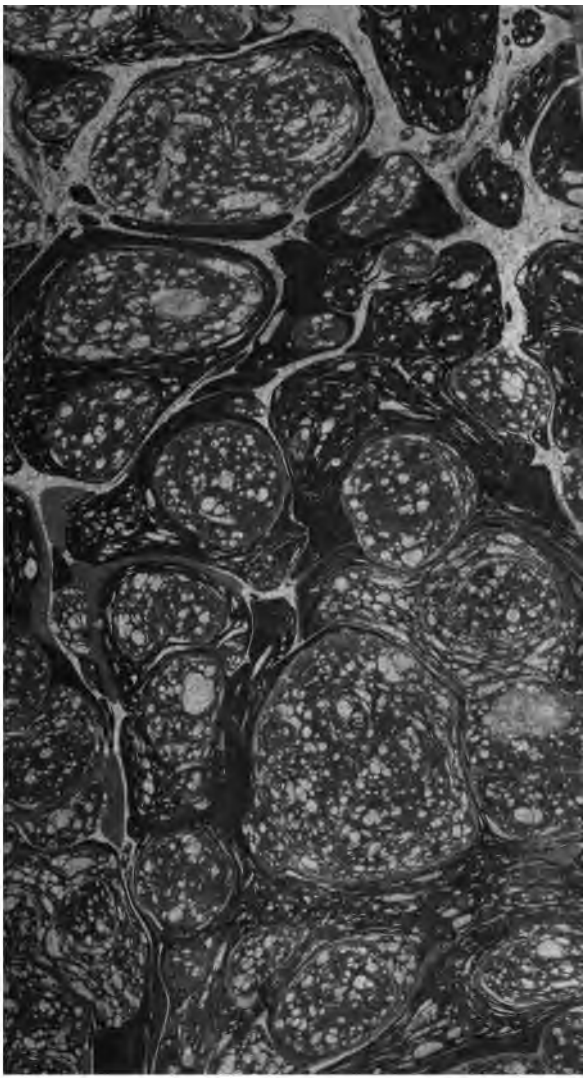

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SALVAN (VALAIS, SUISSE)

THE

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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

By JOHN DRYDEN.

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WITH

REMARKS on the "CORRECTIONS" of DR. CAREY.

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ÆNEIS,

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle, in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;

Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly sprin
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
Against our coast, appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command,
(Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care)
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:

I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant—with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
The rooted fibres rose; and, from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
That they, or he, these omens would avert,

Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my streng
I bent my knees against the ground: once mor
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensu'
"Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O! spare the corps of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree contains,
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O! fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embru'd,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd."
My fault'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs de
My horror; and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely per

iam, fearful of the war's event,
ıpless Polydore to Thracia sent:
with gold, he sent his darling, far
oise and tumults, and destructive war,
tted to the faithless tyrant's care;
rhen he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
: the weaker, with the strong to join—
v'ry bond of nature and of truth,
ırder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
d hunger of pernicious gold!
ands of faith can impious lucre hold?
hen my soul had shaken off her fears,
y father, and the Trojan peers—
he prodigies of heav'n—require
e commands, and their advice desire.
to leave that execrable shore,
l with the blood of Polydore;
we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
› his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
nful pomp the matrons walk the round,
leful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
s *dejected,* and with hair unbound.

Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
Now, when the raging storms no longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
An island in th' Ægæan main appears:
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth; and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun's temple and his town adore.
Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows present:
"*Give, O Thymbræus!* give a resting place

To the sad reliques of the Trojan race—
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find;
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind."
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god,
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
"Undaunted youths! go, seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide world th'Æneian house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain."
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose;
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
All are *concern'd to* know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.

My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: "Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes;
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idæan woods.
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian shore.
Jove assists the passage of our fleet,

: third propitious dawn discovers Crete."
us having said, the sacrifices, laid
smoking altars, to the gods he paid—
bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
iother bull to bright Apollo, slew—
milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,
nd one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.
re this, a flying rumour had been spread,
hat fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea:
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;
Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
"All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!" they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,

With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful:—I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:
The youth begin to till the labour'd land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot:
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn
Nor 'scape the beasts: for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.
'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:

The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood, majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's ent'ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:
"What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those pow'rs are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought,
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
Th' Œnotrians held it once), by later fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.

Iasius there, and Dardanus, were born.
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.
Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete."
Astonish'd at their voices and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied)
I started from my couch: a clammy sweat
On all my limbs, and shiv'ring body, sate.
To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race,
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat;
Then said, "O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,

ınd Latian lands: but who could then have thought
hat Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
r who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
ow let us go, where Phœbus leads the way." 250
: said: and we with glad consent obey,
rsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
e spread our sails before the willing wind.
ıw from the sight of land our galleys move,
ith only seas around, and skies above; 255
hen o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
d night with sable clouds involves the main:
e ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
e scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral ways:
e face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes; 260
l in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
t from our course, we wander in the dark;
stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
n Palinurus no distinction found
wixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd
around. 265
ee starless nights the doubtful navy strays
lout distinction, and three sunless days:

The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds
We view a rising land, like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply:
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main;
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce offended heav'n ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment—
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.—
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,

And Jove himself, the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger; and the bowls go round;
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,
And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the rav'nous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky—
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear

Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat, all employ
Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy—
In vain:—the fated skin is proof to wounds;
And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
At length rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd—the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
"What! not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate—
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that, ere your promis'd walls you build,

shall severely be fulfill'd.
ne is your lot—for this misdeed,
grind the plates on which you feed."
id to the neighb'ring forest flew.
e fails us, and our fears renew.
win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
offended Harpies humbly call,
ier gods or birds obscene they were)
'or pardon and for peace, prefer.
:hises, off'ring sacrifice,
up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
greater gods—"Avert," said he,
.ens! render vain this prophecy,
h' impending curse a pious people free."
g said, he bids us put to sea:
om shore our halsers, and obey,
ith swelling sails pursue our wat'ry way.
course, Zacynthian woods appear;
y rocky Neritos we steer:
n Ithaca's detested shore,
:he land which dire Ulysses bore.
ucate's cloudy top appears,

And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil—
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
"These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks."
Then I command to weigh: the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars: the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.

Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame—
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd;
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat.
She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,

Thus, with a fault'ring tongue, she speaks at le
" Are you alive, O goddess-born?" she said,
" Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—
With broken words I made this brief reply:
" All of me that remains, appears in sight;
I live; if living be to loath the light—
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lor
By what strange blessing are you now restor'd
Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?"
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun:
" Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne,
Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:

Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed;
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you what fates have landed on our coast?
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears."
She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful cries;
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.

At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp, attended with a num'rous train;
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran;
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticoes were entertain'd;
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
" O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree—
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare—
O! say—for all religious rites portend

y voyage, and a prosp'rous end;
'ry pow'r and omen of the sky
ny course for destin'd Italy;
y dire Celæno, from the gods,
ıl famine fatally forebodes—
, what dangers I am first to shun,
oils to vanquish, and what course to run."
prophet first with sacrifice adores
:ater gods; their pardon then implores;
s the fillet from his holy head;
:bus, next, my trembling steps he led,
religious doubts and awful dread.
vith his god possess'd, before the shrine,
vords proceeded from his mouth divine:
ldess-born! (for heav'n's appointed will,
reater auspices of good than ill,
ws thy voyage, and thy course directs;
es conspire, and Jove himself protects)
y things, some few I shall explain,
hee to shun the dangers of the main,
w at length the promis'd shore to gain.
the Fates from Helenus conceal,

And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy:
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars;
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer;
And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest;
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow—
These on thy city shall their name bestow;
And there shall end thy labours and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind;
For Phœbus will assist; and Fate the way will
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,

Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent:
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.
The savage Locrians here the shores infest:
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
When, parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast, were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides;
And, where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.

Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields:—so much can time invade
The mould'ring work, that beauteous Nature mad
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirl-pool sucks the tides;
Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of heav'n.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks.—A human face,
And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace:
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs inclos'd; and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,
Than once to view mis-shapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear.
Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget,

Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
Above the rest, great Juno's name adore;
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names, inscrib'd to leaves commits.
What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but, if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air;
And she resumes no more her museful care,
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid

The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.
Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Though thy companions chide thy long delay;
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing ga
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write, thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must underg
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.
This when the priest with friendly voice decl
He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant,
Then Dondonæan caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends—
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.
Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and, last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:
"Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heav'nly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost!
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:

For I with useless words prolong your stay,
When southern gales have summon'd you away
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought.
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
"Accept," she said, "these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake:
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee, his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions; such was all his frame;
And ah! had heav'n so pleas'd, his years had
the same."

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
"Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish. My diff'rent state
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.

To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—
Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!
You see another Simoïs, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy,
With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tyber's happy shore—
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own—
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin, may never end,
But long to late posterity descend."

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—
The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,

And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep,
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.
And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry

s, and then the plains, of Italy.
first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
taly!" the cheerful crew rebound.
Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
s, presiding over lands and seas,
who raging winds and waves appease,
n our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
th our passage to the port assign'd."
e gales their flagging force renew;
the happy harbour is in view.
temple then salutes our sight,
a land-mark, on the mountain's height.
ur sails, and turn the prows to shore;
ng waters round the galleys roar.
lies open to the raging East,
ding like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
the storms; the winds and waves complain,
their malice on the cliffs in vain.
lies hid within; on either side,
ring rocks the narrow mouth divide.
e, *which* aloft we view'd before,

To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry fie
"War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground
(My father cry'd), where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war."—Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stan
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we sp
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky

Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
"'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis'd rocks! Bear off to sea!"
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide:
And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars that stood with dews around.
The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopian shores we run.
The port, capacious and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,

And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force, come piece-meal down
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above;
And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hide
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply:
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite.

So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard:
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns; and filth his limbs besmear'd:
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek: and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
"Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,

No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demand;
I die content, to die by human hands."
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
His present state, his lineage, and his name,
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
Who thus, encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
"From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achæmenides my name.
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent
(O! had I stay'd, with poverty content!);
But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal flor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.

gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
e joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;
d for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
ese eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
etch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
eir broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
th spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
ile the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
ile fast asleep the giant lay supine,
ring aloud, and belching from his maw
indigested foam, and morsels raw—
pray: we cast the lots, and then surround
monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
h, as he could approach him, lends a hand
bore his eye-ball with a flaming brand.
eath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
only one did the vast frame supply—

But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bend
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd frien
But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from
to steep.
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns rene
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from vie
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food

le all around my longing eyes I cast,
v your happy ships appear at last.
:hose I fix'd my hopes, to these I run:
all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
at other death you please, yourselves bestow."
rce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
saw the giant shepherd stalk before
following flock, and leading to the shore—
nonstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight;
staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright,
pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;
woolly care their pensive lord attends:
s only solace his hard fortune sends.
n as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
n his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves:
gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd: through seas he strides;
scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.
iz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
cables cut, and silent haste away;
well-deserving stranger entertain;

Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth and air and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war—
A dreadful council! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail;
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,

ake th' advantage of the friendly gale.
varn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
ybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
qual fate on either side appears:
tacking to the left, are free from fears:
from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
ocky mouth we pass; and make our way
'hapsus, and Megara's winding bay.
passage Achæmenides had shown,
ing the course which he before had run.
it o'er-against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,
e lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land.
ieüs, as old fame reports, has found
n Greece a secret passage under ground,
ove to beauteous Arethusa led;
, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
Ielenus enjoin'd, we next adore
ia's name, protectress of the shore.
h *prosp'rous gales* we pass the quiet sounds
ll Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.

Then, doubling cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see,
And fenny lake, undrain'd by Fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd.
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost—
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd:
And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.

This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."

Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,

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The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore;
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys),
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart?
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the *soft god* secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,

From street to street, the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shews, to tempt her wand'ring guest:
Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.

when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
's, and falling stars to sleep invite,
:mains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
: bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
:r absent hero sees and hears;
bosom young Ascanius bears,
the father's image in the child,
likeness might be so beguil'd.
ne the rising tow'rs are at a stand:
: exercise the youthful band,
: arts, nor toils of arms they know:
is left unfinish'd to the foe;
ds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
ieir promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
sky.
:n imperial Juno, from above,
fetter'd in the chains of love,
:he venom which her veins inflam'd,
) sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
hing words to Venus she begun:
ises, endless honours, you have won,
y trophies, with your worthy son!

Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descry'd,
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores) thus artfully reply'd:
"Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,

ing leagues and sure succession, join.
ou, the partner of his bed and throne,
move his mind:—my wishes are your own."
ie," said imperial Juno, " be the care:—
urges now:—to perfect this affair,
d my counsel, and the secret share.
next the Sun his rising light displays,
gilds the world below with purple rays,
queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
to the shady woods, for silvan game, resort.
, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
chy cloud shall cover all the plain
hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
earful train shall take their speedy flight,
rs'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
ave a grateful shelter shall afford
e fair princess and the Trojan lord.
myself the bridal bed prepare,
, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
ll their loves be crown'd with due delights,
ymen shall be present at the rites."

The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state,
For the slow queen, in ante-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser, in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foa
around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand,
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'r'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,

Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Plains the dances, and renews the sports;
Here painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose:
A golden fillet binds his awful brows:
His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain-goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
Their herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
In a *long* chase, in open view, maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outr
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the sk
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wint'ry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company, dispers'd, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow s
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guide
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their

this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose
:e and death, and all succeeding woes.
e queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
›nger made a secret of her love,
:all'd it marriage, by that specious name
eil the crime, and sanctify the shame.
ie loud report through Libyan cities goes.
e, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
ft from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
v vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
n grows the pygmy to gigantic size;
r feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
ag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
duc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
ift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
nonstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
llions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
d ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;
d round with list'ning ears the flying plague is
hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous new
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and m
gles truth with lies.
Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, "lost to honour and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust."
The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to king Iarbas' court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,

. hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
n Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
\ hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
" Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
hy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
Vith blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
eest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
hy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
› thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
ine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
Wand'ring woman builds within our state,

A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage—(and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough);
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!"

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thund'rer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom this menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days

a slothful riot and inglorious ease,
For minds the future city, giv'n by Fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs; nor promis'd such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name?
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,

With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid spa
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours boun
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, resting thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show

By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands,
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wore;
A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—"Degenerate man!
Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
Glory cannot move a mind so mean,

Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate."
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear:
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.

nself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
ore the love-sick lady heard the news;
l move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
e will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
ey hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise
'hat arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?):
e was the first to find the secret fraud,
fore the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
ve the first motions of the lover hears,
ıick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
or impious Fame was wanting, to report
ıe ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
ıd purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
:antic with fear, impatient of the wound,
nd impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
ess wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
ınd howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
ıt length she finds the dear perfidious man;
vents his form'd excuse, and thus began:

" Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the wint'ry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False, as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race!

For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;

Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those reliques to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,

my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
›ung Ascanius justly may complain,
ded of his fate and destin'd reign.
ow the herald of the gods appear'd—
ig I saw him, and his message heard.
Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
radiant beams, and manifest to sight
ender and the sent I both attest):
walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
ueen, oppose not what the gods command:
by my fate, I leave your happy land."
is while he spoke, already she began
sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
nger these outrageous threats forbore:
e as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
›rung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
ewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
›ugh Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
e once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?

All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason: yet no thunder flies;
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human f
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the r
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,

The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulcres afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love—
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;

Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embody'd ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,

Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny:
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his fav'rite: you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,

Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
Why should he then reject a suit so just?
Whom does he shun? and whither would he fly?
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny?
Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain:
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;

And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issu'd from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene, disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd:
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.

She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbin
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All reliques of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears.
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral, in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,

She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath;
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
Robbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queen

Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A heaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds: and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
This dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods:
The stars in silent order mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.

or ease the furious queen can find:
er eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
l rage, and love, divide her heart;
rage had some, but love the greater part.
s she said within her secret mind:
ll I do? what succour can I find?
ppliant to Iarbas' pride,
y turn to court and be deny'd?
this ungrateful Trojan go,
empire, and attend a foe?
fug'd, and his train reliev'd—
ut am I sure to be receiv'd?
le in Trojan souls have place?
till lives in all his race!
I seek alone the churlish crew,
fleet their flying sails pursue?
have I but those whom scarce before
tant from their native shore?
gain embark at my desire,
sustain the seas, and quit their second

Steel thy guilty breast invade,

And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—
Had I continu'd free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate
(*And thou* shalt find the dire effects too late),

Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
"Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r! what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said; and, drawing forth his flaming sword,

This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piece-meal—strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait!
Yet where 's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death!

His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go (she said),
My laid forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,

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Attend her curses, and avenge her death!

If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfill.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence in ev'ry future age,

When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead),
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings, bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops: then let her come; and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."
The nurse moves onward with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd: with pain she drew her breath;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the inmost place she pass'd,
And mounts the fatal pile with furious haste;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind,
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd.)
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd,
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Impress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd: and I go
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.

What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
Then kiss'd the couch; and "must I die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if—ancient Tyre,

Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv
air.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;

Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd.
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind;
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head:
Livid it look'd—the threat'ning of a storm:
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
"What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind."
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, "Not heav'n (said he)

Jove himself should promise Italy,
n the torrent of this raging sea.
ıow the shifting winds from west arise,
ıat collected night involves the skies!
ı our shaken vessels live at sea,
ess against the tempest force their way.
te diverts our course; and Fate we must obey.
· from hence, if I observ'd aright
uthing of the stars, and polar light,
lies, whose hospitable shores
ɜty we may reach with struggling oars."
ɜ then reply'd: "Too sure I find,
rive in vain against the seas and wind:
shift your sails: what place can please me more
'what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
ɜe hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?"
course resolv'd, before the western wind
· scud amain, and make the port assign'd.
ɜantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
ld the fleet descending on the land;
not unmindful of his ancient race,

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time Acestes, from a lofty stand,
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t unmindful of his ancient race,

And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd."
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flow'ry plain,
To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.
With roses then the sepulcre he strow'd,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
"Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not, that you with me,
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be."
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide,

His hugy bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The fun'ral honours with more zeal renew'd,
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew;
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
New gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,

Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were brig
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victors' gra
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,

Which rising like a tow'ring city stands:
Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergestus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place;
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood;
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock: the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,

Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:
They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start, advancing in a line:
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot-race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace:
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.

Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.
Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:
Gloanthus better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival vessels row;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main:
But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot—"Stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand!
Let others bear to sea."—Menœtes heard;
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again:
"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."

He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.
He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got before:—
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage), and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and over-board he threw:
This done, he sciz'd the helm; his fellows cheer'd;
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laught,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,

To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place:
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;
Then on the deck, amidst his mates, appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
"My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the lab'ring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this our common int'rest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race!—
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."
Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath them sinks; their lab'ring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs gutt'ring down in tides.

Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success:—
Sergestus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds,
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass, on the roomy sea.
As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;
The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;
And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.

Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:
The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains:—
Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies:
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through the skies.
These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—
For they can conquer who believe they can.—
Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies;
(And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize)
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:

golden goblets
return shall owe
Phorcus, from
paid his vow:
dreadful or fam
to the land.
flies,
claims the prize.
them proc
games.
the victor's

le-work its happy cost bestows.
nymede is wrought with living art,
rough Ida's groves the trembling hart:
he seems, yet eager to pursue;
m aloft descends, in open view,
of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
ked talons bears the boy away.
vith lifted hands and gazing eyes,
s behold him soaring through the skies,
pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
eus the second victor was declar'd;
mon'd there, the second prize he shar'd—
mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
ve Æneas from his shoulders tore,
combat on the Trojan shore.
ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—
r his defence, for ornament in peace.
the gift, and glorious to behold,
pond'rous with its plates of gold,
ce two servants could the weight sustain:
ed thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
and lightly seiz'd, the Trojan train.

The third, succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd,
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple ban
And now Sergestus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore:
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground—
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;
But, grov'ling in the dust, her parts unsound she tra
So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense:

Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
Full in the midst of this fair valley, stood
A native theatre, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a silvan throne the leader sate;
A num'rous train attend in solemn state.
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.
The rival runners without order stand;
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears—
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—
Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place
(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius, his from Acarnanian earth);

Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes
(Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head),
With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd:
"One common largess is for all design'd
(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd):
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnossian wood,
A silver studded-axe, alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed:
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings: and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd:
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
The third this Grecian helmet shall content."
He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,

starting all at once, the barrier leave.
l out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
eiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
rom the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pass'd;
torms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
ıext, but, though the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Salius; and Euryalus behind;
Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
ıfter step, and almost side by side,
houlders pressing—and, in longer space,
won, or left at least a dubious race.
w, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
n eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,
d with the blood of oxen newly slain.
areless victor had not mark'd his way;
reading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
eels flew up; and on the grassy floor
ll, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
indless then, Euryalus, of thee,
f the sacred bonds of amity,
ve th' immediate rival's hope to cross,

And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the plain:
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd:—applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his fr
Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes arise:
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws

with shaggy mane and golden paws)
le: to Salius this he gives:
envy sees the gift, and grieves,
:wards to vanquish'd men are due
ınd falling is to rise by you,
: may Nisus from your bounty claim,
edthe first rewards and fame?
both an equal fortune try'd;
tune for my fall so well provide!"
ıe pointed to his face, and show'd
ınd all his habit smear'd with blood.
:nt father of the people smil'd,
to be produc'd an ample shield,
ıs art, by Didymaon wrought,
from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
to Nisus, he divides the rest,
justice in his gifts express'd.
ıus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
the prince bespeaks th' attentive crowd:
e here, whose dauntless courage dare
fight, with limbs and body bare,
: *sustain* in open view,

Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied;
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief:
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief."
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears:
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield;
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;
The same, at Hector's fun'rals, undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he shows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows.
His match is sought; but, through the trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.

Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence,
And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
"If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away."
The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
"Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?"

Entellus, thus: "My soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins;
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh! could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain,
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force without the promis'd prize."
He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view—
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.
"*What had* your wonder (said Entellus) been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,

stern debate on this unhappy green!
I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
vith batter'd brains and mingled gore.
e long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
vielded while my blood was warm,
'd frame while better spirits fed,
rung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my

allenger these arms refuse,
vield their weight, or dare not use;
as and Acestes join
, these gauntlets I resign:
qual arms perform the fight;
eave to fear, since I resign my right."
:ellus for the strife prepares;
s quilted coat, his body bares:
nighty bones and brawn, he stands,
'ring object on the sands.
eas equal arms supply'd,
their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
iptoe stand, at full extent,
ft, their bodies inly bent;

Their heads from aiming blows they bear
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews, and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils lo
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strik
Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alik
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; aroun
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps res
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury
And errs about their temples, ears, and ey
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draw
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaw
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his groun
But with his warping body wards the wou
His hand and watchful eye keep even pac
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground
Views all th' approaches with observing ey

and that other part in vain he tries,
more on industry than force relies.
h hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
Dares watch'd the motion from below,
slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.
ellus wastes his forces on the wind,
l, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
ıdlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
d weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.
falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
rn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise;
ıd shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.
estes runs with eager haste, to raise
ıe fall'n companion of his youthful days.
ıuntless he rose, and to the fight return'd:
ith shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury, burn'd.
isdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast;
nd with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
lays on load with either hand, amain,

And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain;
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
"What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods (said he);
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to shine.
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine."
The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came,

)nd of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
) goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
rk with attention, and forgive my boast:
m what I was, by what remains; and know,
m what impending fate you sav'd my foe."
nly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
l, on his ample forehead aiming full,
e deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
wn drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
: sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
en thus: "In Dares' stead I offer this.
x! accept a nobler sacrifice:
ke the last gift my wither'd arms can yield:
y gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
ie strife of archers, with contending bows.
ie mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
'ith his own hands he raises on the shore.
flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie,
he living mark at which their arrows fly.
'he rival archers in a line advance,
heir turn of shooting to receive from chance.

A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon:
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows;
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands:
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove,
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord.

Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames, ascending, drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into pray'r.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then hon'ring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
"The gods (said he) this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of antient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give."
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envy'd him the prize,
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: "With speed Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horse-back let him grace his grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array."

He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers, in a line:
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy;
(His race in after-times was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name)—
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before;
And on his front a snowy star he bore.

Then beauteous Atys, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly gr
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial tr
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguis
guides.
Again they close, and once again disjoin:
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line,
They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts a

With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought,
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:

But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd; and, gliding then
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan:
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labours to sustain!"
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their ov
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restra
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,

Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
"O wretched we! whom not the Grecian pow'r,
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we! reserv'd by cruel Fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or *streams of some* dissembled Simois view?

Haste! join with me! th' unhappy fleet consume!
Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
'With these (said she) these wand'ring ships destroy
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'
Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:
Slack not the good presage, while heav'n inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands."
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.
Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, rev'rënc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race,
" No Beroë this, though she belies her face!
What terrors from her frowning front arise!
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heav'nly face are seen!
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien
Beroë but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,

Her age and anguish from these rites detain."
She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud: they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars: firs and flaming brands,
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first, the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:
"What madness moves you, matrons! to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius!"—While he said,
He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head,
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the smould'ring tow,

Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heav'n his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.
"O Jove! (he cry'd) if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the reliques of the Trojan train!
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below."
Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise.
From pole to pole, the forky lightning flies:
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.

Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent;
Which, hissing thro' the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone
The will of heav'n by Pallas was foreshown—
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd—
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:
"O goddess-born! resign'd in ev'ry state,
With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.
By suff'ring well, our fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind:
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain—

, old, indulgent of their ease,
s who dread the dangers of the seas,
he dastard crew who dare not stand
of battle with your foes by land.
may build a common town for all,
Acestes' name, Acesta call."
is, with his friend's experience join'd,
l much, but more disturb'd, his mind.
d of night; when, to his slumb'ring eyes,
's shade descended from the skies;
ie spoke: " O, more than vital breath,
le I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death!
various toils and troubles toss'd!
of heav'n employs my careful ghost
nmands—the god who sav'd from fire
ing fleet, and heard your just desire.
some counsel of your friend receive,
he coward train and women leave:
l youth, and those who nobly dare,
to tempt the dangers of the war.
Italians will their courage try:
their manners, and their minds are high.

But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the blest below:
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now farewell! I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light."
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
"Whither so fast?" the filial duty cry'd;
"And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace deny'd?"
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.
Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the god's intent,
With his own purpose.—All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires, obey.

with women each degen'rate name,
s not hazard life for future fame.
y cashier. The brave remaining few,
ks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
:e designs a city with the plough:
heir sev'ral tenements allow.
is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
iew king ascends the throne with joy;
senate from the people draws;
the judges, and ordains the laws.
the top of Eryx, they begin
emple to the Paphian queen.
last, is honour'd as a god:
s added, annual gifts bestow'd;
es are planted round his blest abode.
s they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
s of incense in the fanes abound.
n the south arose a gentle breeze,
d the smoothness of the glassy seas:
; winds a ruffling gale afford,
the merry mariners aboard.
d laments along the shores resound,

Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degen'rate train
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war:
Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his halsers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise: with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows

Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
"The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage
The malice, which no suff'rings can assuage,
Compel me to these pray'rs; since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.

: is thwarted by his haughty wife;
uish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
:re little to consume the town
w'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
cutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
vs, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
ıe causes of her hatred tell;
:an witness its effects too well.
the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
ibing Æolus, she took the main,
'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
r she possess'd the Dardan dames,
heir fleet with execrable flames,
l Æneas, when his ships were lost,
his followers on a foreign coast.
remains, your godhead I implore,
my son to your protecting pow'r.
Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
: passage to the Latian land."
ius the mighty ruler of the main:
ay not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?

My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus! and thee, Simoïs! I attest—
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea
{New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way};
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight—
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess! fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
Their lives are giv'n: one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides:
Its axles thunder; and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Inclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and Nereids ride.
Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky;
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
"The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply."
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
"Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,
The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?"
He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep;
And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length;
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain.
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
And, o'er the dang'rous deep, secure the navy flies;
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.

Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd: 1134
" For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corps is doom'd on shores unknown to lie."

ÆNEIS,

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

HE said, and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,

Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.
Thus while their sev'ral charges they fulfill,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade,
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and (off'rings to his ghost)
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to these the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:

ıe mournful parents stand around in tears;
nd rising Crete against their shore appears.
here too, in living sculpture, might be seen
he mad affection of the Cretan queen;
hen how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
he rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—
he lower part a beast, a man above—
he monument of their polluted love.
or far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous maze,
thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
ere dwells the monster, hid from human view,
ot to be found, but by the faithful clue;
ill the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
ent to the loving maid this last relief,
nd all those erring paths describ'd so well,
hat Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
ere hapless Icarus had found his part,
ad not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
e twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
wice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
All this with wond'ring eyes Æneas view'd:
ach varying object his delight renew'd.

Eager to read the rest——Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame,
The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her na
"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed yo
With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice
Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phœbus
And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."
This said, the servants urge the sacred rit
While to the temple she the prince invite
A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
Through the hill's hollow sides: before th
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud sh
"This is the time! inquire your destinies
He comes! behold the god!" Thus whil
(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd; her face was not the
And hollow groans from her deep spirit c
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage poss

:r trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
:eater than human kind she seem'd to look,
nd, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.
ler staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke,
"Why this delay?" she cry'd—"the pow'rs invoke.
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
"Indulgent god! propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy!
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part!
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commands,
Through ambient seas and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground:
And now, at *length, the* flying coast is found.
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,

With fury has pursu'd her wand'ring race.
Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
Th' event of things in dark futurity!
Give me, what heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state;
To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land:
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines: and ev'ry sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,

they disperse in air our empty fate:
e not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."
uggling in vain, impatient of her load,
lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
more she strove to shake him from her breast,
more and far superior force he press'd;
nands his entrance, and, without controul,
ps her organs, and inspires her soul.
with a furious blast, the hundred doors
of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
in the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
ap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
nore and greater ills by land remain.
coast, so long desir'd, (nor doubt th' event)
troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,
Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
is nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
w Achilles shall in arms appear,
he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
d to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
hat strange nations shalt not thou resort,

Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown,
From — whence thou least shalt hope — a Greci
town."

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke;
And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
At length her fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: "No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger, can be new.
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The Fates, without my pow'r, shall be without
care.
This let me crave—since near your grove the to

ll lies open, and the dark abode,
h Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood—
uct me through the regions void of light,
lead me longing to my father's sight.
im, a thousand dangers I have sought,
rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
on my back the sacred burden brought.
or my sake, the raging ocean try'd,
wrath of heav'n (my still auspicious guide),
bore, beyond the strength decrepit age supply'd.
since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
ev'rend image stood before my sight;
in'd to seek, below, his holy shade—
lucted there by your unerring aid.
you, if pious minds by pray'rs are won,
ge the father, and protect the son.
rs is the pow'r; nor Proserpine in vain
made you priestess of her nightly reign.
pheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
ruthless king with pity could inspire,
from the shades below redeem his wife;

If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below;—
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend?—
Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came;
My mother greater, my descent the same."
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine:
"O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line!
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heav'nly race.
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.

But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise;
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;

And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unbury'd ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day."
She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd,
What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
But soon they found an object to deplore:
Misenus lay extended on the shore—
Son of the god of winds:—none so renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound,
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,

And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas; and he chose as well.
Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.
With envy, Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand.—
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep; but most Æneas mourns his fate;
And hastens to perform the fun'ral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
(The shady covert of the savage kind),
The Trojans found: the sounding axe is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the tow'ring pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke;
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown

Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the queen of love:
"O! may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
"Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my pray'r."
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,

What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place; but still in view:
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows glow;
As, on the sacred oak, the wint'ry misletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold,
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:

The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint;
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away:
(Such rev'rent rites their fathers us'd to pay.)
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour:
Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour;
And, last, the reliques by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round; and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore

A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes, to the nether world, his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
Invoking Hecat hither to repair—
A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.

The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers; and, by Fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:
Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended, till the next returning sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
Ere Hecat came.—" Far hence be souls profane!"
The Sibyl cry'd—" and from the grove abstain!
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford:
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword."
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space:
The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night!

gliding ghosts! permit me to relate
: mystic wonders of your silent state.
)bscure they went through dreary shades, that led
ng the waste dominions of the dead.
ıs wander travellers in woods by night,
the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
en Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
l the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
ust in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
'engeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
l pale Diseases, and repining Age,
nt, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
e Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep
rms terrible to view), their centry keep;
h anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
p Frauds before, and open Force behind;
: Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
· hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
l in the midst of this infernal road,
lm displays her dusky arms abroad:

The god of sleep there hides his heavy head;
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were—
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire

He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarry'd maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands—
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?

Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?
"Son of Anchises! offspring of the gods!
(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres and fun'ral due:
The boatman, Charon: those, the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend!
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring pow'r?"—The ghost reply'd:
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
For envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now *by the winds* and raging waves I swear,

Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave, my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:
Which, O! avert, by yon ethereal light,
Which I have lost for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corps compose;
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows

(Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
Scarce had he said; the prophetess began:
"What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd to cross the floods,
To view the Furies and infernal gods,
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—
The wrath of heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,

And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
" Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread! I charge thee, stand,
And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear
(Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear),
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied,
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."
To whom the Sibyl thus: " Compose thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train;
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.

If neither piety, nor heav'n's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail, at least"—
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
No more was needful: for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen—
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.
No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The *prudent Sibyl* had before prepar'd

A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their souls away—
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,

And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance, now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.

Nor far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light),
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
" Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause?—By heav'n, I vow,
And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by Fate—
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!"
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move

and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
ly she look'd; then turning round,
ier eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
he says and swears, regards no more,
leaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
l away, to shun his hateful sight,
forest, and the shades of night;
ht Sichæus through the shady grove,
'er'd all her cares, and equal'd all her
:.
s tears the pitying hero paid,
'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,
his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
ver'd from the rest, the warrior souls re-
n'd.
met, with Meleager's race,
of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
Adrastus with his ghastly face.
chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
amented, all in battle slain—
l *Medon, high* above the rest,

Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, atten
And with unweary'd eyes behold their friend
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms bel
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed sp
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd th ed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling note
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping th
Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continu'd wo
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appea
Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;

And therefore first began: " O Teucer's race!
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire
disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that, in our last and fatal night,
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honours I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground."
The ghost reply'd: " Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade:
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love—
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we past
The night, that was by heav'n decreed our last.

For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy tow
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.—
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.

by the winds and errors of the sea,
you heav'n's superior doom obey?
what other chance conducts your way,
:w, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,
lts and torments of th' infernal seats."
ile thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
un had finish'd more than half his race:
hey, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
ittle time of stay which heav'n had lent:
ius the Sibyl chides their long delay:
ht rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
ere, in diff'rent paths, the way divides:
ight to Pluto's golden palace guides:
eft to that unhappy region tends
h to the depth of Tartarus descends—
eat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
thus Deïphobus: "O sacred maid!
ar to chide; and be your will obey'd.
to the secret shadows I retire,
ay my penance till my years expire.
ed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
born to better fates than I have found."

He said; and, while he said, his steps he
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'
The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
A lofty tow'r and strong on ev'ry side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon sur
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bo
And, press'd betwixt the rocks the bello
resounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on l
With adamantine columns, threats the sk
Vain is the force of man, and heav'n's as
To crush the pillars which the pile sustai
Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and
Observant of the souls that pass the down
From hence are heard the groans of ghost
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chai
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those y
And what the crimes, and what the tortu
And loud laments that rent the liquid air

She thus reply'd: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecat, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.

The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep, as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.
Here lie th' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the king of heav'n, obscure on high,

Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast:
The growing liver still supply'd the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithoüs I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,

Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend,
To their poor kindred or a wanting friend—
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain—
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some, laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise),

'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,
The gate, and iron arch above:—it stands—
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."
She said: and through the gloomy shades they past,
And chose the middle path.—Arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above

He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With æther vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at on
they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.

'heir lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
ree from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
he love of horses which they had, alive,
nd care of chariots, after death survive.
ome cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
ome did the song, and some the choir, maintain,
eneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
ounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
ere patriots live, who, for their country's good,
i fighting-fields, were prodigal of blood:
riests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
nd poets worthy their inspiring god;
nd searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Vho grac'd their age with new-invented arts;
hose who, to worth, their bounty did extend,
nd those who knew that bounty to commend.
he heads of these with holy fillets bound,
nd all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
nd first to him surrounded by the rest—
'ow'ring his height, and ample was his breast)—
Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,

Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus reply'd:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.
But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In Nature's order as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.

He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast."
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!"
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice, around his neck, his arms he threw;

And, under the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A sacred grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
the trees:
And, near before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe lends her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thus in the summer hive, that haunt the golden dew
In summer's heat: on tops of lilies feed,
And sweep within their beds, to suck the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: – The souls that throng the f
Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other bodies o
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
[illegible] your sight your glorious race,

his presaging joy may fire your mind,
k the shores by destiny design'd."—
ther! can it be, that souls sublime
n to visit our terrestrial clime,
hat the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
ovet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"
ises, then, in order, thus begun
ar those wonders to his godlike son:
w, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
lowing waters, and the starry flame,
oth the radiant lights, one common soul
s and feeds—and animates the whole.
ctive mind, infus'd through all the space,
and mingles with the mighty mass.
men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
irds of air, and monsters of the main.
hereal vigour is in all the same;
v'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—
ch as earthy limbs, and gross allay
rtal members subject to decay,
not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.

From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy: nor can the grov'ling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The reliques of invet'rate vice they wear;
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure æther of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last),

Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
" Survey (pursu'd the sire) this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear:
Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood,

Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget;—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Silvius after these appears—
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
For arms and justice equally renown'd;
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear;
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;

And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn:
Born from a god, himself to godhead born,
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race,
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd:
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,
Her offspring all; and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.
But next behold the youth of form divine—
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,

'ling vines around his purple reins.
bt we yet through dangers to pursue
s of honour, and a crown in view?
's the man, who from afar appears,
with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
/ beard and holy vestments bring
dea back: I know the Roman king.
to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
m his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
us next in dignity succeeds,
: prince, and prone to martial deeds.
his troops for fighting-fields prepare,
) toils, and triumphs of the war.
f sword his crown he shall increase,
r his armour from the rust of peace.
ncus follows, with a fawning air,
within, and proudly popular.
v the Tarquin kings, th'avenging sword
), justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
enews the rods and axe severe,
s the consuls royal robes to wear.
who seek the tyrant to sustain,

And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you see in equal armour shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.

ain, my sons! be foes no more;
ur country with her children's gore!
e first, lay down thy lawless claim,
blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
ues, who shall in triumph ride,
'apitol his chariot guide,
r'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
ther, fam'd for warlike toils,
all impose the Roman laws,
Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;
chains their Achillean race;
ute his ancestors' disgrace,
for her violated place.
here, for gravity renown'd,
ing Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
ait the Gracchi? who declare
worth, those thunderbolts of war,
bane of Carthage? Who can see,
eem for virtuous poverty,
icius, or can cease t' admire
nan consul in his coarse attire?
my praise the Fabii claim;

And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:—
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
He paus'd—and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
" See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;

the Capitol in triumph move:
third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
ere beheld, of form divine,
e youth in glitt'ring armour shine,
:at Marcellus keeping equal pace:
ny were his eyes, dejected was his face.
and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
d of whence was he, who press'd the hero's
de?
ı, or one of his illustrious name?
: the former, and almost the same!
the crowds that compass him around:
and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
ring mists around his brows are spread;
ıt, with sable shades, involves his head."
ot to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
)ws of thy sons in future years.
th (the blissful vision of a day)
t be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
ı too high had rais'd the Roman state,
t their gifts as permanent as great.
ans of men shall fill the Martian Field!

How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall y
What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tyber se
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad s
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting-field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword an
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless fo
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foam
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's sev
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow
This gift which parents to their children o
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestov
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground;

hich when Anchises to his son had shown,
d fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
: tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate;
e strength and customs of the Latian state;
ie prince, and people; and fore-arms his care
ith rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
'polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
ue visions through transparent horn arise;
rough polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
'various things discoursing as he pass'd,
chises hither bends his steps at last.
en, through the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
: valiant offspring, and divining guest.
ight to the ships Æneas took his way,
bark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
l coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.
length on oozy ground his galleys moor:
eir heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night;
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright;
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
A dang'rous coast!—The goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays.
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour),
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,

/ith rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
ıpply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,
ıd hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
ow, when the rosy morn began to rise,
ıd wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies,
hen Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
ıd from her face the breathing winds were blown,
sudden silence sate upon the sea,
ıd sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
hich thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:
twixt the trees the Tyber took his course,
th whirlpools dimpled: and with downward force
at drove the sand along, he took his way,
d roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
out him, and above, and round the wood,
e birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
at bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
e captain gives command: the joyful train
de through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
ow, *Erato!* thy poet's mind inspire,

And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate
In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate,
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:
His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,

ɔaturn author of his family.
ıis old peaceful prince, as heav'n decreed,
bless'd with no male issue to succeed:
›ns in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate:
›nly daughter heir'd the royal state.
with her love, and with ambition led,
ıeighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
ıg the crowd, but far above the rest,
g Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
ıs, for high descent and graceful mien,
irst, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;
ire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
ɛp in the palace, of long growth, there stood
rel's trunk, a venerable wood;
e rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
ɛept and cut with superstitious care.
›lant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
ast, in honour of his new abode,
ıw'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
›en'd once (a boding prodigy!),

A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;
There, with their clasping feet, together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence:
"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire
(Strange to relate!), the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,
Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire:
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
"The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;

us'd by her irrevocable fate,
all the country waste, and change the state."
ı, frighted with this dire ostent,
ınsel to his father Faunus went,
ught the shades renown'd for prophecy,
near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
ɜe the Latian and the Sabine land
ıen distress'd; and thence relief demand.
iest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
ghtly visions in his slumber sees:
ın of thin aërial shapes appears,
ıtt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears.
ıe consults, the future fates to know,
ow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
ɔr the god's advice, Latinus flies,
ɡ a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
voolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
ıer were his eyes in slumber bound,
from above, a more than mortal sound
his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke

Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole e
His race, in arms and arts of peace renc
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe b
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys aro
These answers, in the silent night recei
The king himself divulg'd, the land bel
The fame through all the neighb'ring n
When now the Trojan navy was in viev

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of brea
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he
They sate; and (not without the god's
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungr
Invade their trenchers next, and soon de
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, sai
"See! we devour the plates on which v
The speech had omen, that the Trojan r
Should find repose, and this the time an
Æneas took the word, and thus replies—

(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes):
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
"When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
"Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coast to build;
"And with a trench inclose the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wand'ring of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught:
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;

Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.
Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,
The time was come their city to renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,

› the Latian court their course directs
ıpacious palace where their prince resides),
ll their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
go commission'd to require a peace,
arry presents to procure access.
vhile they speed their pace, the prince designs
ew-elected seat, and draws the lines.
'rojans round the place a rampire cast,
›alisades about the trenches plac'd.
antime the train, proceeding on their way,
far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;
ıgth approach the walls. Without the gate,
see the boys and Latian youth debate
ıartial prizes on the dusty plain:
drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
bend the stubborn bow for victory;
ome with darts their active sinews try.
ting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
is fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
ıth their habit, and unknown their name.
:ing ordains their entrance, and ascends

His regal seat, surrounded by his frie
The palace built by Picus, vast and p
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round incompass'd with a rising
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew
Surpris'd at once with rev'rence and d
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'
In state the monarchs march'd; the li
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of p
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar woo
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike gran
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, o
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double fa
And bunch of keys, the porter of the p
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vin
On a short pruning-hook his head recl
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wi

Then warlike kings who for their country fought
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd; a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
'Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—

Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?
(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befal to miserable men);
Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice."
He said.—Ilioneus made this reply:
" O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wint'ry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.

Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the wat'ry waste
(Such length of years, such various perils past),
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare—
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,

Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrac
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour you shall gain
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in w
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bea
These holy boughs, and sue with words of
Fate and the gods, by their supreme comm
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian l
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his reque
Some small remains of what his sire possess
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning
Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
This royal robe and this tiara wore

Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,
In full assemblies, and in solemn games:
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames."
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pond'ring future things of wond'rous weight—
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed:
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
"The pow'rs," said he, "the pow'rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury!
Have what you ask: your presents I receive:
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave:
Partake and use my kingdom as your own:

All shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear:
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor heav'n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire."
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,

The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heav'nly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produced on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' embassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul; and thus she said:

" O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpity'd on the plain,
But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,—
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursu'd their exil'd race;
Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main:
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms of Juno's hate!
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon—

(What great offence had either people done?):
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land!

A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame."
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
" O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,

And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight;
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.

Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her ha
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too fa
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," s
"A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will com
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doo
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship sought the Spartan s
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word;

And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son:
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows

Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
"Evæ! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
And "Evæ!" answer'd all the female throng.
"O virgin worthy thee alone!" she cry'd;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew reply'd.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance."
Like fury seiz'd the rest: the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All, clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,

Shook high above her head a flaming pine,
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song:
"Iö! ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here," she said, "who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.

Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
"Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting-fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought!
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!

el the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
ect the Latians in luxurious ease!
s dream all-pow'rful Juno sends: I bear
mighty mandates; and her words you hear.
te! arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;
h faith to friend, assault the Trojan train:
ir thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
Latin king, unless he shall submit,
n his old promise, and his new forget—
him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove,
l learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
such is heav'n's command."—The youthful prince
th scorn reply'd, and made this bold defence.
You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
e Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
either fear nor will provoke the war:
r fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
time has made you dote, and vainly tell
arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.

Go! be the temple and the gods your care:
Permit to men the thought of peace and war."
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke:
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes:
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."
Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.

'Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He firsts commissions to the Latian land,
In threat'ning embassy; then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those His blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,

Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting-match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fe
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns, with ribands ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,

Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,

Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,

: a firm body of embattled men.
first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
e fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
t now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
: bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
hining harvest either host displays,
d shoots against the sun with equal rays.
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
hite foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
en roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
l, by the fury of the storm full blown,
e muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
:rc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
t'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
d stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
ıge heaps of slain around the body rise:
ıong the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
ıidst the madness of th' unruly train:
/e herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;
s lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood;
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear

Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.
In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):
Below the lofty mounts on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corps of Almon, and the rest, are shown:

Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's int'rest in the land),
Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves—
Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides—
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,

And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
"Hurry'd by fate," he cries, "and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore!
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heav'n for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun'ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd;
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—

Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
Were the king's office: but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down fro
high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;

The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.
Part scour their rusty shields with seam; and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart;
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms—th' Atinian pow'rs,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.

Old fauchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
The word is giv'n; with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrac
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian l
Their arms, and armies under their command;
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.

A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield;
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—
Of heav'nly, part, and, part, of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tyber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore;
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears

In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name),
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front appear,
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along, the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,

The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminius springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,

They sing; and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
Of troops embody'd from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:

: aids of Horta next appear,
d Nursians come to close the rear,
the natives born of Latine blood,
a washes with her fatal flood.
billows beat the Libyan main,
Orion sets in wint'ry rain,
' harvests on rich Hermus rise,
ields, when Phœbus burns the skies,
these troops: their bucklers ring around;
)ling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
nd.
iis chariot then Halesus came,
rth to Troy's unhappy name:
emnon born—to Turnus' aid,
men the youthful hero led,
e Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
Auruncans from their hilly ground,
vho live by Sidicinian shores,
with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
)sca's old inhabitants,
Saticulans, inur'd to wants.
lances from afar they throw,

Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall th
Short crooked swords in closer fight the
And on their warding arm light buckler

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsun
From nymph Sebethis and old Telon spr
Who then in Teloboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle th' ambitious youth d
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample s
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhe
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her
And these (as was the Teuton use of old
Wield brazen swords, and brazen buckl
Sling weighty stones when from afar they
Their casques are cork, a cov'ring thick

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens
And led the mountain troops that Nursia
The rude Æquiculæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was
In arms they plough'd, to battle still pre
Their soil was barren, and their hearts w

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubia

ng Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
rand and holy words, the viper's rage,
renom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.
hen he pleas'd with pow'rful juice to steep
temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
ain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
ire the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart.
iis untimely fate th' Angitian woods
hs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
on of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
l as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
n in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
e great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
itful fields; and Virbius was his name.
olytus, as old records have said,
by his stepdame sought to share her bed:
when no female arts his mind could move,
urn'd to furious hate her impious love.
by wild horses on the sandy shore,
ier's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;

Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd:
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art; and warrior steeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd;
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands;
Aurúncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,

[illegible] arms, the danger sought,
[illegible] in speed upon the plain
[illegible] hurt the bearded grain
[illegible] as she skimm'd along,
[illegible] hung.
[illegible] with surprise,
[illegible] wond'ring eyes:
[illegible] at the sight,
[illegible] with vast delight:
[illegible] with grace
[illegible] so suits her face
[illegible] crown'd;
[illegible] round.
[illegible] mind.
[illegible] wind.

ÆNEIS,

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.

Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

ÆNEIS,

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Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These through the country took their wasteful co
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
"Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common int'rest was involv'd in theirs."
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,

Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd;
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
'Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
long expected in this promis'd place!

Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes—
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls:
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,

With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Round these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,
Known'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."
He said; and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tyber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:

" Laurentian nymphs, by whom the strean
And father Tyber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy wat'ry stores—where'er they
And, bubbling from below, salute the skie
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plente
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song, and ev'ning
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast n
Thus having said, two galleys, from his st
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found
Wond'rous to tell!—She lay along the gr
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty yo
Æneas takes the mother and her brood;
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his wat'ry way

He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Some on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Spouts from the land give omen to their course;
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,
Which as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw; and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove

To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way,
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
Your bus'ness here, and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: the Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief."

Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
"Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—
Undaunted I approach you, though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim:
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came—
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.

Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the s
Thus from one common source our strea
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian s
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news b
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith
But come, without a pledge, my own an
The same Rutullians, who with arms pu
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force ca
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athw
And either sea from side to side comman
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us th
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the w
In council cautious, and in fields we dar
He said: and, while he spoke, with pier
Evander view'd the man with vast surpri
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his

hen answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
whom the features of thy father shine!
ow I recall Anchises! how I see
his motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
ong though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
hen Priam to his sister's court design'd
welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
nd through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
en, past a boy, the callow down began
shade my chin, and call me first a man.
aw the shining train with vast delight;
d Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
t great Anchises, far above the rest,
ith awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
ong'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
ir mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
irst accosted him: I su'd, I sought,
d, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,
vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,

And two rich bridles, with their bits of g
Which my son's coursers in obedience ho
The league you ask, I offer, as your right
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the li
With swift supplies you shall be sent, aw
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take your
With friendly welcome, at a homely trea
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd fo
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd th
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the g
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the
A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, they
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites di
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef
chine.
But, when the rage of hunger was repres
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
"*These rites*, these altars, and this feas

From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion; or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
Such undigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
It was once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot; and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god.
For avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:—
Twice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.

His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's banks, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face;

Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body: on his back the door he drew—
(The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):
He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And *nodded to the left.* The hero stood

Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide.
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tyber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high,
The gods with hate behold the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.

Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—
choir of old, another of the young,
dance, and bear the burden of the song.
lay records the labours, and the praise,
all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
serpents strangled with his infant hands;
en, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Echalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
sides, a thousand hazards they relate,
ocur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
he cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
or thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
or he, the roaring terror of the wood.
he triple porter of the Stygian seat,
ith lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
d, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
ee, god! no face of danger could affright;
t huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood;
And with deep draughts invoke our common god."
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd;
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.

The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Œchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god! no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,

Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heav'n's
command."
Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold th' Ænean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place;—
Then shews the forests, which, in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made;—with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine;—
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely
reeds.
A rev'rent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not tell—
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.

Arcadians thought him Jove: and said they saw
mighty thund'rer with majestic awe,
shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood
stately towns, on either side the flood)
nia's and Janiculum's remains;
either place the founder's name retains.
ursing thus together, they resort,
re poor Evander kept his country court.
view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall—
e oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):
, stooping, through the narrow gate they press'd,
thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
an as it is; this palace, and this door,
v'd Alcides, then a conqueror,
to be poor: accept our homely food,
h feasted him; and emulate a god."
underneath a lowly roof he led
veary prince, and laid him on a bed;
tuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.
w Night had shed her silver dews around,

And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid—
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love.
"While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The danger of Æneas did implore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r, that rul'st my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace

With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the reliques of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy."
She said; and strait her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
"Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th'artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.

And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love."
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till, in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the Night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god—
The time when early housewives leave the bed:
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
With yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labour add the night:
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks: and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal:
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast—
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste:
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store.
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,

And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
"My sons!" said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside:
Your strength and master-skill must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd:
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close.
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns, their arms advance in equal time;
By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.

They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
" Undaunted prince! I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:

But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds:
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes?
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,

Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more—
The people's patience, try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
" Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!

Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head."
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native: but, in you, combine
A manly vigour and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own."
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,
Æneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.

Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tyber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."
He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best, and ablest of the crew.

Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march: amid the fearful crowd,
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
" Would Heav'n (said he) my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Prænestè's wall—
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;

When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return'd with peace and victory:
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O! this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms—

Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
He said, and swooning sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along:
Last, follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around.

The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and weary'd horses fed.
Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,

On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
" Behold (she said) perform'd, in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
For there, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought

(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins,
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:
The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.

Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdaining, stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clœlia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach: th'approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance:
* In caps of wool: the targets dropt from heav'n.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.

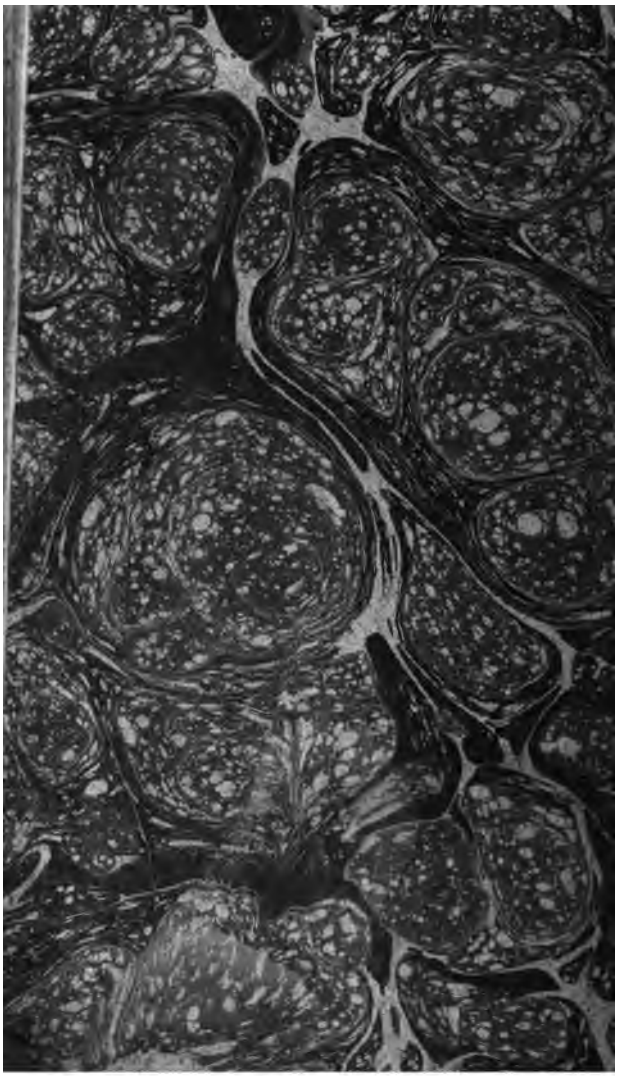
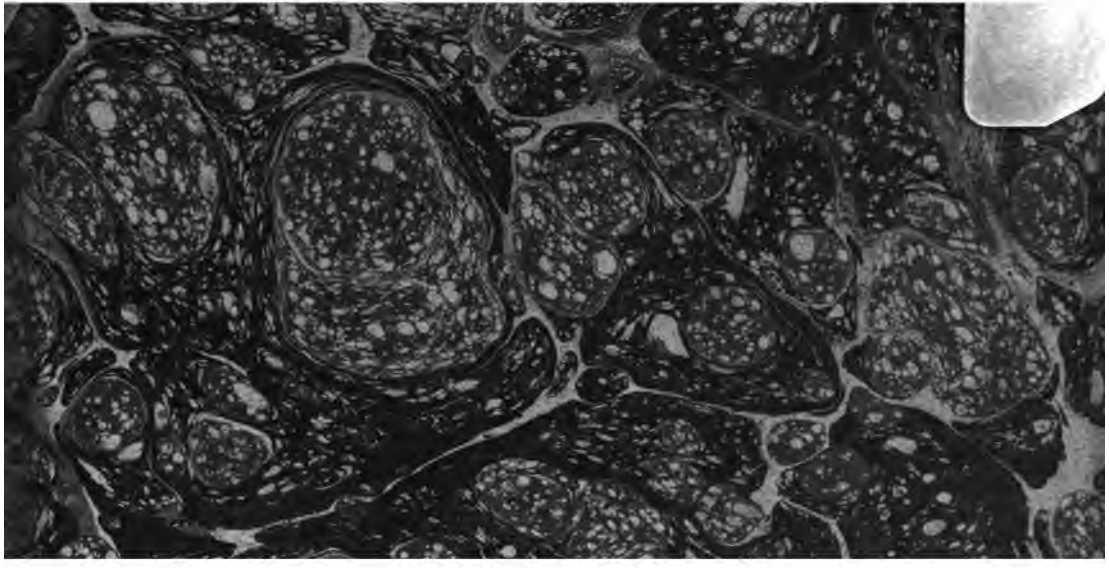
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.

Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ætherial train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ sowse from heav'n with swift descent:
And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.

Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,

Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

END OF VOL. III.

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